Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kills mee, I a ſheep: well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I doe hang mee: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light; but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallichollie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already the Clowne bore it, the foole ſent it, and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne, ſweeter Foole, ſweeteſt Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. *The King entreth.*

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede ſweet *Cupid*, thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweet a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames, when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparant boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre doſt thou excell;
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes heer?

Enter Longauile. *The King*

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.

Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appe

Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.

Ber. Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing p

Long. In loue I hope, ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon. Am I the firſt, that haue beene periur'd ſo

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two th
Thou makeſt the triumphery, the corner cap of ſoc
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp ſimpli

Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſ
Diſſigure not his Shop.

Lon. This ſame ſhall goe.

He reades the Sonnet:

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thin
Gainſt whom the world cannot hold
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerues not puniſhm
A woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not th
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Lo
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapo
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth
Exhaleſt this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what foole is not ſo wiſe,
To loſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?